

The Harrison Ford Movie

He's Jack Mack Zack, CIA,
& wife is being held in

an artificial anus factory
run by Nazis. All blond &
mega nasty, the Nazis. His boss,

imposingly Afro ex-linebacker in
sport jacket which could envelop
three Arabs, can't be told.

Ransom? Jack's revealing names of
Washington's shadow-elite. But

he schemes to recapture her, thus
not show government classifieds,
a Craig's List of teabaggers.

Subplot involves despicable-est
Germans trying to plant their virtual

assholes in an alien group deficient
in that small regard. Then clone
them, the aliens, to rule the earth,

plus sections of LA & Queens. Breathless
plots interweave dazzlingly until Jack
destroys factory, Krauts, & participants
in a nearby little league game. (Laptop
atomic device, Microsoft Program). Every body

but wife's, which locks him in an embrace
Stone Cold Steve Austin couldn't sunder.

Wow! Complexity & romantic seizures dignify art,
like the original novel enshrining today's arch-
etype, blundering self-righteous American prick.